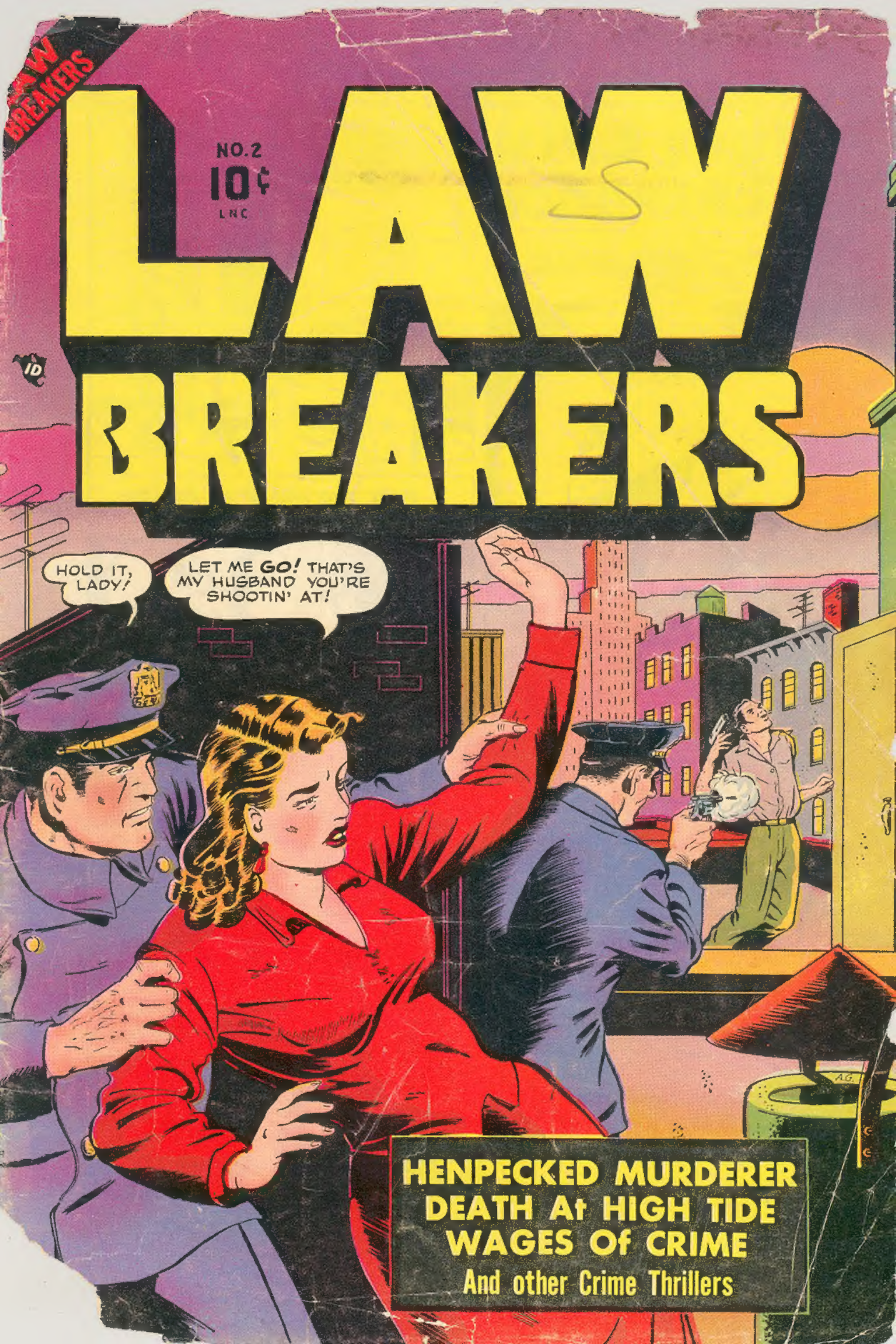
LAW BREAKERS
NO. 2
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LNC
ID
HOLD IT, LADY!
LET ME GO! THAT'S MY HUSBAND YOU'RE SHOOTIN' AT!
HENPECKED MURDERER
DEATH At HIGH TIDE
WAGES Of CRIME
And other Crime Thrillers

Your CRIME SCRAPBOOK!

KNOWN PICKPOCKETS ARE NEVER ALLOWED IN RAILROAD STATIONS... HOWEVER EXCEPTIONS ARE MADE IF THEY WALK WITH THEIR ARMS FOLDED AND THEIR TICKET IS BETWEEN THEIR THUMBS...

PRESIDENT TRUMAN'S TELEPHONE IS CHECKED AGAINST WIRE TAPPING EVERY SINGLE DAY...

MORE THAN HALF OF ALL PERSONS ARRESTED EACH YEAR IN THE U.S.A. ARE REPEATERS...

93% OF ALCATRAZ INMATES MAKE USE OF THE PRISON LIBRARY...

THE HUMAN HAIR CAN BE DIVIDED INTO 21870 CLASSIFICATIONS ACCORDING TO THICKNESS... COLOR... CURLINESS ETC...

QUESTION...
WHAT IS THE SCIENCE OF FINGER PRINTING CALLED?

ANSWER... DACTYLOSCOPY

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THE CASE of the HENPECKED GUNMAN
IF RICKY STEVENS HAD ONLY TOLD HIS WIFE THAT HIS REAL OCCUPATION WAS ROBBERY, HE MIGHT STILL BE PLYING HIS TRADE... BUT RICKY DIDN'T TELL HER.... AND FINALLY AFTER WAITING UP FOR HIM, NIGHT AFTER NIGHT, SHE DECIDED TO FIND OUT FOR HERSELF WHAT HE DID WITH HIS TIME!
RICKY, LIKE MOST PROFESSIONAL CROOKS, HAD A REGULAR METHOD OF OPERATION...
YES?
I'M FROM THE F.B.I., I HAVE ORDERS TO ASK YOU SOME QUESTIONS!
THE F.B.I.??? STEP IN PLEASE!
THIS MATTER IS QUITE CONFIDENTIAL... ...IS ANYONE ELSE AT HOME?
NO... I'M ALONE ...THIS WAY PLEASE...
GOOD! THEN PUT UP YOUR HANDS... THIS IS A STICK-UP!

A FEW SECONDS LATER RICKY PRODUCED ROPE AND BOUND HIS VICTIM....
YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS!
I ALWAYS HAVE SO FAR!

WITH THE EYE OF AN EXPERT, RICKY WOULD SELECT ONLY THE MOST VALUABLE TREASURES...
NOW TO GET OUT OF HERE!

ONE PARTING THOUGHT, BABY. THE ONLY PEOPLE I'VE SHOT HAVE BEEN THOSE DIMWITS WHO'VE TRIED TO GET LOOSE TOO FAST!

A FEW MINUTES LATER IN A SLUM SECTION OF THE CITY...

HOW DOES IT STACK UP, FATS? TH' DAME LIVED IN A SIXTEEN CYLINDER JOINT!
NOT BAD! NOT BAD AT ALL, RICKY BOY!

AND AT LAST, WITH THE NIGHT WORK DONE... IT'S HOME TO THE LITTLE WIFE...
I WISH YOU WOULDN'T PAW ME EVERY TIME I ENTER THIS DUMP!
OH RICKY, WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN... DINNER HAS BEEN COOKED FOR AN HOUR... TELL ME... TELL ME!

YOU'RE NUTS CARRYING ON LIKE THAT... GROW UP!
I KNOW IT... I JUST KNOW IT... YOU'RE BEING UNFAITHFUL TO ME... THERE'S SOME OTHER WOMAN! YOU DON'T LOVE ME!
2

THERE'S NO OTHER WOMAN, POLLY, BELIEVE ME...
I DON'T BELIEVE YOU... AND I JUST CAN'T STAND THIS BEING ALONE EVERY NIGHT!
WHILE AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...
THIS F.B.I. BANDIT HAS STRUCK AGAIN... DALEY... NOTIFY EVERY MEMBER OF THE DEPARTMENT... ALL LEAVES, VACATIONS, AND DAYS OFF ARE CANCELLED 'TIL WE GET HIM!
YES SIR!
AND YOU, BENTLEY... YOU'RE ASSIGNED TO THE CASE EXCLUSIVELY... I SUGGEST YOU CONTACT ALL TH' VICTIMS AGAIN...
I'LL DO IT RIGHT AWAY, SIR.
BUT AS THE WEEKS PASS, SEVERAL MORE HOMES ARE VICTIMIZED SUCCESSFULLY... THEN...
WHAT A HAUL!! SISTER YOU OUGHT TO HAVE MORE BRAINS THAN TO KEEP THIS STUFF AROUND...
HMMN! THIS IS NICE... A SOLID GOLD CIGARETTE CASE!
PLEASE, DON'T TAKE THAT... IT HAS A BIG SENTIMENTAL VALUE TO ME!
3
IT HAS A GREAT CASH VALUE TO ME! SAY THIS IS GREAT... TO BETTY PHILLIPS.. WITH ALL MY LOVE... POPSIE!
HUMPH!

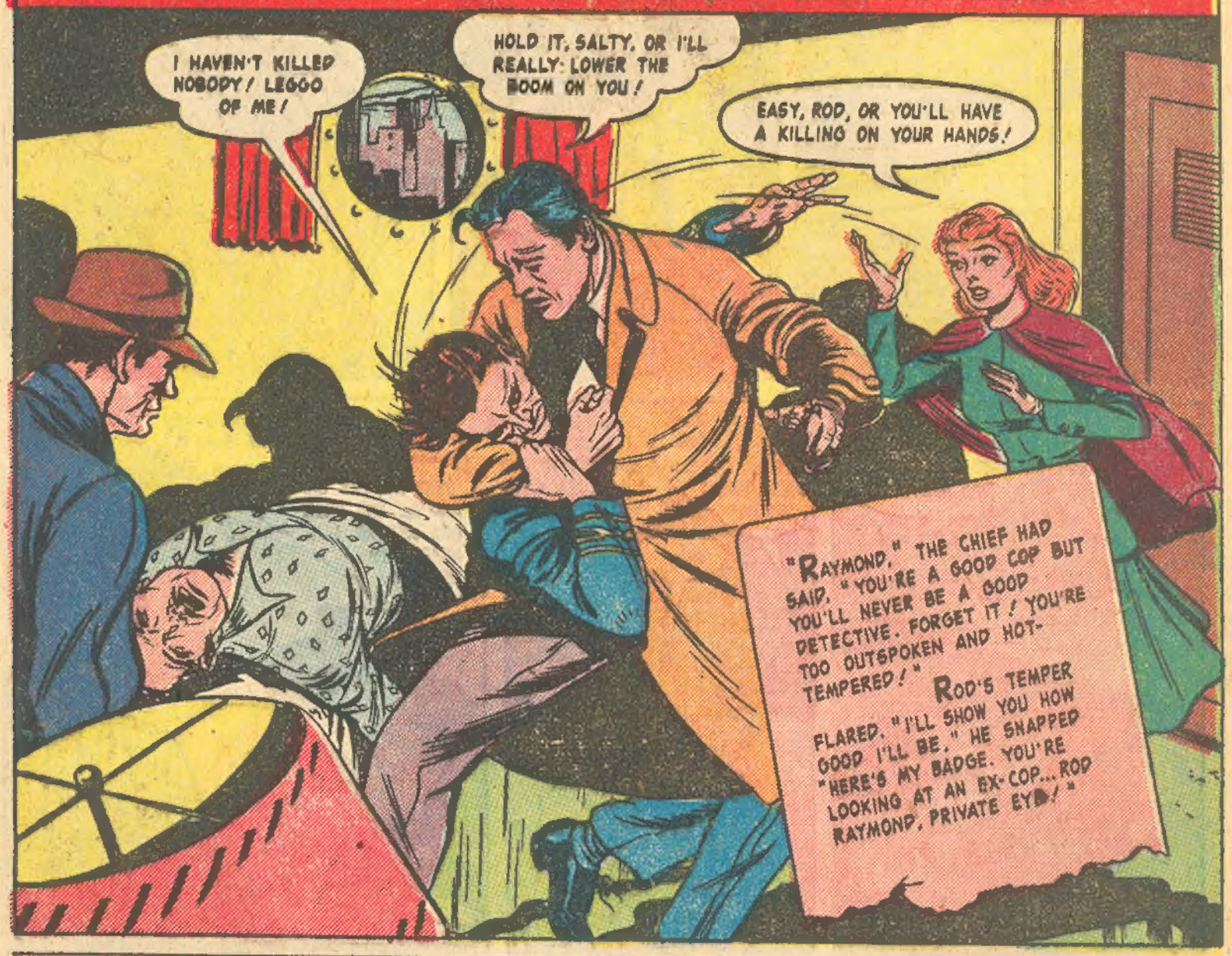
Y' KNOW... I THINK I'LL HAVE THE INSCRIPTION CHANGED AN' GIVE IT TO MY WIFE... SHE THINKS I'M UNFAITHFUL TO HER!
...AND SO HOME AND TO BED...
HI BABY... FEEL BETTER, TONIGHT?
TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF ME... I SMELL PERFUME...
LATER...
I'LL KILL ANY GIRL HE SEES... MAYBE HER ADDRESS IS IN HIS POCKET!
A GOLD CIGARETTE CASE... HE WAS GOING TO GIVE THIS TO A DAME... AND HE WON'T EVEN TAKE ME TO A MOVIE!
AND SO...
WELL! HER NAME IS RIGHT HERE IN TH' BOOK, 28 PARK DRIVE...
ARE YOU, BETTY PHILLIPS?
YES... BUT WHO ARE YOU?
I'M RICKY'S WIFE... THAT'S WHO I AM... YOU WENCH!
WHAT'S TH' MEANING OF THIS?

WHAT ARE YOU DOING... TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF ME AND EXPLAIN THIS...
EXPLAIN?... YOU'LL DO THE EXPLAINING! I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT HAPPENS TO ANY DAME WHO RUNS AROUND WITH MY HUSBAND!!
HA!.. MAYBE YOU'LL EXPLAIN THAT!
ARE YOU CRAZY...
OH!
IT IS YOUR'S, ISN'T IT!
I'LL SAY IT IS... NOW I'LL SHOW YOU SOMETHING!
D-DON'T!
TWO MINUTES LATER!!
GET ME TH' POLICE...
IF RICKY HAD KNOWN THAT HIS WIFE HAD GIVEN HER HOME ADDRESS TO THE POLICE... HIS SLEEP WOULD'VE BEEN MORE TROUBLED!... SUDDENLY...
OPEN UP... WE'RE TH' POLICE!
COPS... WHAT TH'...
HALT OR I'LL BLOW YOUR HEAD OFF...
YOU HALT, COPPER!
5

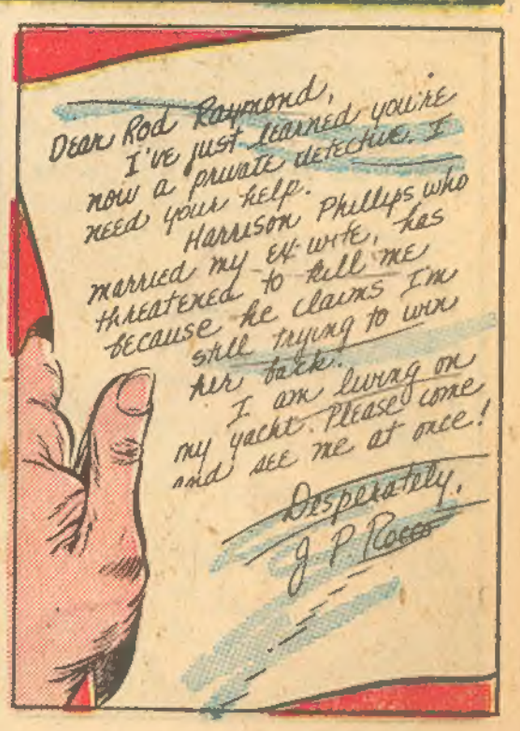
COPS... EVERY WHERE!
HALT... DROP THAT GUN!!..
--- OR I SHOOT TO KILL ...
... GOT TO GET AWAY... ...IF I GET AROUND THIS CORNER!
BUT SUDDENLY...
... GOT HIM!
AAAHH!
RICKY!! IS HE ALL RIGHT?
YEAH... HE'LL LIVE ... CALL FOR AN AMBULANCE!
RICKY... WHAT HAVE I DONE TO YOU?
YOU'VE FIXED IT FOR HIM TO LIVE OFF TH' STATE FOR ABOUT TEN YEARS!
IDENTIFIED BY A NUMBER OF HIS VICTIMS RICKY WAS GIVEN A LONG PRISON SENTENCE...
YOUR WIFE IS HERE AGAIN.. DO YOU WANT TO SEE HER?
NO! TELL HER I NEVER WANT TO SEE HER AGAIN!!
6

death AT HIGH tide

A ROD RAYMOND DETECTIVE THRILLER!


I HAVEN'T KILLED NOBODY! LEGGO OF ME!
HOLD IT, SALTY, OR I'LL REALLY LOWER THE BOOM ON YOU!
EASY, ROD, OR YOU'LL HAVE A KILLING ON YOUR HANDS!
"RAYMOND," THE CHIEF HAD SAID, "YOU'RE A GOOD COP BUT YOU'LL NEVER BE A GOOD DETECTIVE. FORGET IT! YOU'RE TOO OUTSPOKEN AND HOT-TEMPERED!"
ROD'S TEMPER FLARED. "I'LL SHOW YOU HOW GOOD I'LL BE." HE SNAPPED "HERE'S MY BADGE. YOU'RE LOOKING AT AN EX-COP... ROD RAYMOND, PRIVATE EYE!"

WITH A DESK, A TELEPHONE, AND A BEAUTIFUL SECRETARY, ROD RAYMOND WAS IN BUSINESS....
A MESSAGE FOR MR. ROD RAYMOND.
HEY, BOSS, WHAT DO YOU KNOW. MAYBE WE'VE GOT A CASE!


Dear Rod Raymond,
I've just learned you're now a private detective. I need your help.
Harrison Phillips who married my ex-wife, has threatened to kill me because he claims I'm still trying to win her back.
I am living on my yacht. Please come and see me at once!
Desperately,
J. P. Rocco

AS THEY BOARD THE YACHT IT IS OMINOUSLY QUIET. THEN...
LOOK! SOMEONE IS HIDING THERE!
GET BACK QUICK! WE SPY YOU, BUSTER. NOW IT'S YOUR TURN TO FIND US. COME OUT OF THERE!
GET OUT OF THE WAY! I'M TAKING YOUR BOAT!
OOOH!
BUT ROD'S LONG TRAINING IN POLICE JITSU IS NOT TO BE DENIED...
NEXT TIME YOU POINT A GUN AT ME, MISTER, YOU'D BETTER SHOOT!
I DIDN'T DO IT! LET ME OUT OF HERE. I'LL GIVE YOU ANYTHING YOU WANT!
YOU DIDN'T DO WHAT... AND WHY WERE YOU CARRYING THIS HEATER?
ROCCO IS DEAD. MURDERED WITH A KNIFE... AND I DIDN'T DO IT!
WELL, LET'S TAKE A LOOK, AND IF YOU TRY TO RUN AGAIN, I'LL HAND YOU YOUR HEAD!
OH!
HE'S DEAD ALL RIGHT. WHO WAS ON THE BOAT?
JUST HE, THE CAPTAIN AND ME. THE CREW WAS ASHORE. I HEARD HIM SCREAM!
I'M HARRISON PHILLIPS. HE ASKED ME ABOARD TO GET SOME PAPERS. HE WAS VERY ILL... ONLY A FEW MONTHS TO LIVE. HE PLANNED TO LEAVE MY WIFE EVERYTHING. I WAS AFRAID OF HIM. THAT'S WHY I BROUGHT THE GUN. JEALOUSY.
THAT'S NOT WHAT HE TOLD US IN HIS NOTE. BUT...WHY WOULD THERE BE BLOOD SPOTS HERE?
IT'S THE TRUTH BUT NO ONE WILL BELIEVE IT BECAUSE EVERYONE KNOWS HOW MUCH HE HATED ME FOR MARRYING HIS EX-WIFE!
2

A SEARCH OF THE CABIN FAILS TO TURN UP THE WEAPON...
WHERE'S THE CAPTAIN? YOU SAID HE WAS ABOARD.
HE'S IN HIS CABIN SLEEPING. I COULDN'T AROUSE HIM.
LET'S TAKE A LOOK.
EEEK!
TAKE IT EASY, BETTY. MAYBE YOU SHOULD HAVE STUCK TO BOOKKEEPING.
IS HE DEAD?
NOPE. HE'S BEEN SERVED A MICKEY FINN. PROBABLY IN THAT WINE, THERE.
WHOEVER KILLED ROCCO WANTED THIS GUY OUT OF THE WAY!
EITHER THAT OR HE DRANK IT TO GIVE HIMSELF AN ALIBI.
WELL, WHAT DO YOU KNOW? ISN'T IT A BEAUTY?
THE MURDER WEAPON!
THEN HE DID IT, BUT WHY IN THE WORLD WOULDN'T HE THROW THAT OVERBOARD?
YOU'RE A SMART GIRL, BETTY. THIS IS TOO PAT. IT COULD ALSO BE SOMEONE TRYING TO FRAME HIM!
I'LL GET SOME WATER TO REVIVE HIM.
AS THE CAPTAIN IS REVIVED, HE APPEARS DUMBFOUNDED AT THE NEWS.
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT! WHO WOULD WANT TO DO THIS? HE WAS A SICK MAN NEAR DEATH.
TELL ME, CAPTAIN, DID YOU EVER HAVE ANY ARGUMENTS WITH HIM? ROCCO NEVER WON ANY POPULARITY CONTESTS.
3

NO. WE GOT ALONG FINE. HE EVEN PROMISED TO WILL ME THIS BOAT!
LOTS OF PEOPLE WOULD COMMIT A MURDER TO OWN A TUB LIKE THIS!
ARE YOU CALLING ME A KILLER?
PUT YOUR DUKES DOWN, BROTHER. YOU'RE MESSING WITH AN EXPERT!
EVERYBODY ON THIS BOAT WANTS TO FIGHT. NOW QUIET DOWN OR I'LL UNSCREW YOUR HEAD!
CUT IT, ROD. WE KNOW HOW TOUGH YOU ARE.
TELL ME, CAPTAIN, WHERE IS YOUR SHIP'S CAT? YOU MUST HAVE ONE.
HE'S AROUND SOMEPLACE. ARE YOU CRAZY?
SURE SOUNDS CRAZY TO ME--- LOCO IN THE COCO!
BUT THE CAT IS NOWHERE TO BE FOUND.
BETTY, TAKE THIS TO THE POLICE LABORATORY AND ASK THEM TO ANALYZE THE BLOODSTAINS FOR ME. THEN BRING THE POLICE CHIEF BACK. TELL HIM I MAY HAVE A SURPRISE FOR HIM.
YOU MEAN YOU KNOW WHO DID IT?
YEAH, I THINK I DO... AND YOU'RE ALL IN FOR A SURPRISE!
AN HOUR LATER... AS BETTY RETURNS...
I HAD THE STAINS ANALYZED. IT WAS...
... CAT'S BLOOD! I'M GOING FOR A SWIM!
WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT, RAYMOND?
4

HOLD IT, CAPTAIN. I CAN'T WAIT FOR A CHANGE OF TIDE. BEAT IT, BETTY!
YOU'RE CERTAINLY A MAN OF MYSTERY, SWIMMING AT A TIME LIKE THIS!
A MOMENT LATER...
I HAD A HUNCH I'D FIND THIS! IT MIGHT HAVE DRIFTED IF I'D WAITED TILL THE TIDE CHANGED.
A KNIFE!.
WHAT'S THE STRING ON IT FOR?
ROCCO STABBED HIMSELF! HE PUT THIS WEIGHT OUT OF THE PORT HOLE TO CARRY THE KNIFE TO THE BOTTOM I'LL SHOW YOU.
WHEN I SAW THE BLOODSTAINS OVER THE PORT HOLE, THEY TOLD ME THAT MUCH.
THEN HE WAS TRYING TO FRAME MR. PHILLIPS?
THAT'S IT. HE KNEW HE WAS GOING TO DIE SOON. HE WANTED TO TAKE PHILLIPS WITH HIM VIA THE ELECTRIC CHAIR!
I FOUND A COUPLE OF CAT'S HAIRS IN THE BLOOD ON THAT KNIFE. RIGHT THEN IS WHEN I BEGAN TO SUSPECT A FRAME-UP. WHO WOULD MURDER A MAN WHO WAS GOING TO DIE ANYWAY?
POOR KITTY—THE ONLY MURDER VICTIM!
YOU CAN COME BACK AS A DETECTIVE IF YOU WANT TO ROD. CONGRATULATIONS!
YOU HAD YOUR CHANCE, BRIGHT-BOY! FROM NOW ON I'M ROD RAYMOND, PRIVATE EYE!
YOU'RE TERRIFIC!

Johnny Bellows
WHEN JOHNNY BELLOWS TAKES HIS GIRL FRIEND OUT FOR AN EVENING OF FUN, CRIME IS SUPPOSED TO TAKE A BACK SEAT. BUT JOHNNY IS A COP FIRST AND A ROMEO SECOND, SO THIS HARD-FISTED, BATTLING COP FINDS OUT THAT CRIME TAKES NO HOLIDAY---EVEN IF HE WANTS ONE!!!
IT'S JOHNNY'S NIGHT OFF DUTY AND HE'S OUT FOR A GOOD TIME---
I KNOW IT ISN'T MUCH, PEG--JUST A MOVIE--AND SOME DANCING AFTERWARDS--BUT YOU KNOW ME--JOHNNY BELLOWS, THE GOOD TIME CHARLIE!
WHEN I'M OUT WITH YOU, JOHNNY, ANYTHING IS FINE! IT SAYS HERE IN SMALL PRINT!
TWO, PLEASE!
OH, JOHNNY--ISN'T THIS SWELL? IT'S A WHODUNIT! I LOVE MYSTERY PICTURES!

IMMEDIATE SEATING IN ALL PARTS OF THE HOUSE!
BOY, IT SURE IS GOOD TO HEAR THAT FOR A CHANGE!
SUDDENLY THE SHARP CRACK OF A REVOLVER RINGS OUT!
BUT IT ISN'T SO GOOD TO HEAR THAT-- IT'S A SHOT!
JOHNNY, I HAVE THE FUNNY FEELING THAT OUR DATE IS GOING TO BE POSTPONED!
MANAGER OFFICE
BANG
STAY BACK, PEG!
TRY AND MAKE ME!
COME ON! I HAVE THE JACK!
OKAY!
STAND WHERE YOU ARE!
IT'S A COP!
OH--OH--THAT REMINDS ME! JOHNNY DOESN'T HAVE HIS PISTOL WITH HIM! I'LL JUST TAKE THIS ONE!
2

KEEP YOUR HANDS HIGH, MAC! YOU'RE LUCKY I DIDN'T PLUG YA!
WATCH THE DAME!
SHE AIN'T MAKING ANY TROUBLE FOR A WHILE! LET'S GO!
YOU RATS!
WAIT'LL I GET MY HANDS ON THIS PISTOL!
YOU AIN'T GETTING ANYTHING---DARN! THE GUN JAMMED!
CLICK
PEG! PEG! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? SHE DOESN'T ANSWER! MAYBE SHE'S----
I'LL GET THOSE THUGS IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO!
THERE THEY GO! CAN'T RISK A SHOT WITH ALL THOSE PEOPLE AROUND!
3

QUICK! FOLLOW THAT CAR! I'M A DETECTIVE!
OKAY, BUDDY!
MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE THEATER----
STAND BACK-- GIVE HER AIR!
GEE, MAYBE THEY KILLED HER!
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, MISS? WHAT HAPPENED?
BROTHER--WHAT A WALLOP THAT GUY PACKED!
SO YOU WERE WITH JOHNNY BELLOWS, HUH? I SURE FEEL SORRY FOR THOSE GUYS IF JOHNNY IS AFTER THEM!
JOHNNY IS HOT ON THE TRAIL OF THE CRIMINALS---
BUDDY--I AIN'T HAD SO MUCH EXCITEMENT SINCE I DROVE A JEEP AT THE BATTLE OF THE BULGE!
YOU'RE LIABLE TO SEE MORE IN A MINUTE. I'M TRYING FOR THEIR TIRES!
GOOD SHOOTIN', BUDDY!
NOT BAD!
4

JOHNNY'S BULLET FINDS ITS MARK IN THE BANDIT'S TIRE AND----
HEY! DEY GOT DA TIRE!
HANG ON! WE'RE GOIN' TA CRASH!
OKAY, PUNKS! YOU'RE IN FOR IT NOW!
IT'S THE COPPER!
WATCH OUT FOR THE GUY WITH THE GAT, COPPER!
I SEE HIM!
HOW DO YOU LIKE MY CAROM SHOT?
WON'T YOU BE A PRETTY SIGHT NOW!
OOF!
OKAY--LET'S GET BACK TO THE THEATER!
RIGHT! I NEVER CARRIED A LOAD LIKE THIS BEFORE!

LATER---
PEG! HEY, PEG!
JOHNNY--OH JOHNNY!
BABY--I'M SO GLAD TO SEE YOU!
JUST PUT DITTO MARKS UNDER THAT, CHICK!
OH BOY! I JUST THOUGHT OF SOMETHING!
WHAT?
THE PAPER! I HAVE AN EXCLUSIVE STORY!
NO YOU DON'T! YOU'RE GOING TO THE MOVIES WITH ME!
JOHNNY--MY ARM--HOW DARE YOU?
COME ON--- RIGHT INSIDE!
YOU BRUTE--- BUT CONFIDENTIALLY, I LOVE IT!

KILLER'S REVENGE

Late afternoon sunlight slanted down upon the hills overlooking the one-time mining town, nestled in the valley below. Bud Lake peered out of the mesquite, searching the browned slopes with keen grey eyes. The bullet had come too close for comfort or safety. And the still afternoon air had carried the note of a not too distant rifle. Someone had shot to kill and Bud would have been on the receiving end.

Working his way back to where he'd left his horse, Bud mounted, rode into the hills and circled to approach the ghost town from the far side. Here, in a ravine, he hobbled the horse, and armed with his .30-30, started down the hills toward the sprawling town. Chances were good the would-be-killer had come here to hide after his recent crime. A crime Bud Lake was suspected of having committed. Just because Bud and Pete Reynolds had quarreled over division of the gold, and just because the Sheriff knew about it and that Bud had gone away for a while, general opinion was that Bud Lake had returned, killed his partner, and stolen the gold.

Only it hadn't worked that way. Bud Lake alone knew he was innocent. And the scrawled note he had found, left by Pete Reynolds, had given him his only clue. The note had said, "Fatty . . . did it . . . stranger . . . "

After making cautious queries, Bud Lake had learned that a fat stranger had been in town a couple of days, and then disappeared during the excitement following the murder. So Bud had taken up the trail which would avenge his one-time partner and clear himself as well. The trail had led back into no-man's-land, had led to the old mining town, long a ghost of the past and now crumbling to ruin. Bud hadn't been positive but now, with the angry hum of the bullet still singing in his ears, he knew he was close to his destination.

Slipping into town from the north, Bud Lake moved cautiously through the late sunlight. The whisper of the wind about the ruins of the old town was the only sound in his ears. Yet he knew here he would find the killer of Pete Reynolds. And unless Bud Lake was very careful himself . . .

The livery stable was battered and falling. Sunlight slanted through a gaping hole in the roof, bearing down like a blade of gold into the dust that rose in a stifling cloud. Cautiously Bud pressed his search. The .30-30 was ready, his nerves were at action pitch. He must be careful, ready . . .

The stable was empty. His trail led into an adjoining building, again half ruined and choked with dust. Time wore on as Bud pressed his relentless search. He could hear nothing, see nothing. To all appearances he was alone in a world long dead. Uneasiness became a part of the eagerness within him to get this job over with—

The clipped, angry report of the rifle split the silence, and Bud Lake dropped flat, rolled over. It had come from the street beyond the building. There was only one window—

Bud plunged into an alley, raced forward to peer out. The street was empty, the silence again in complete command.

Uneasily he realized that he was being trailed. He was being hunted instead of doing the hunting!

He moved on, nerves keyed to snapping tension as time wore past, relentlessly digging upon his mind, tearing at him, binding him. The cold fact that the man he was after had managed somehow to sneak up behind him, kept his eyes and ears ever alert. He must not allow it to happen again.

Evening was thickening when he entered the two story hotel. The wind was quickening, bringing the sound of broken shutters and the whisper of loose boards. Carefully Bud climbed to the second floor, expecting at any moment to have the stairs beneath him cave in. He gained the second floor, advanced along a dusty hall, stepped into a room. He lit the lantern he had brought, placed it upon a rotten table in the middle of the room. He turned and slid out again, moving on to the shadow of a room down the hall and upon the opposite side. If his trap worked . . .

Time wore on. Sweat tickled the small of his back, his hands were damp. Bud Lake shifted his slim body, realizing that the tension was getting him. This couldn't go on forever.

At last he had to admit the killer had outguessed him again, had refused to be lured by the sight of the lamplight in the room. Reluctantly Bud Lake moved through the treacherous dark down the stairs. He paused there, listening.

Somewhere a board splintered. No accident, either. Bud whirled, rifle ready in rock-steady hands. He moved forward, slid into a darkened room.

The place was empty. The window opened into an alleyway. Bud Lake turned in the opposite direction. He wasn't going to be a fool, stick his head out the window and have it blown to bits.

He slid out into the cool night air, grateful for the wind against his sweated face. He waited, feeling the unaccustomed pound of his heart. This thing was getting him, slowly and surely. He'd been in tight places before, had fought his way out of many. But it had been different.

Once more Bud Lake moved on. Night was thickening about him. Hunger twisted inside him. He could clear out, get some food and rest, but the killer could do likewise. He might move out altogether. As long as Bud remained here—

The alley led down beside the saloon and Bud paused halfway along its length. His grey eyes explored the boarded over window, listened to the sound of creaking hinges as the barrier swung gently in the night wind. Bud circled, entered from the rear, and made his way into the room. Assured of his safety, he advanced to the window.

The boards were heavy. Something was born among the turmoil of Bud Lake's mind, and swiftly he went to work with jack-knife and several pieces of wood he found in the room. Half an hour later, he was done, the barrier propped up in the air on the inside of the window. Whoever crawled through first would release the trap, bringing it crashing down against his head.

The moon had wheeled up over the towering hills, bathing the village in silvery light. Bud Lake hesitated. Perhaps if he were lucky....

Resolutely he stepped out, exposing himself in the space of the alley way. His body was rigid, waiting. Timing the movement of his body, he shifted from side to side pretending to peer up and down the wide dusty street. His rifle was ready —

The bullet struck, followed seconds later by the sharp report of the shot. Bud Lake caught the crushing impact in his shoulder. For a second his mind blanked out as he hit the dust and rolled over. It was a struggle to force himself to his feet. His rifle was gone —

Again a ringing shot and Bud Lake spun groggily and stumbled into the darkness of the alley. He fought for control, pushed his body on. He reached the window. His mind was steadying somewhat, although a strange weakness flooded his body. Blood poured from his shoulder and his arm was numb, awakened occasionally by stabbing pain.

The barrier was closed. He had left it so. He stared over his shoulder, saw someone appear at the head of the alley; a fat-looking person, who skidded to a stop, flung his rifle up—

Bud Lake scrambled through the window, sliding in under the barrier. He whirled, gritting his teeth against the pain flooding his body. It took a last supreme effort to get the trap opened, the triggerboards in place. Then he stumbled back, pressing against the wall, his breathing fast and harsh in his lungs. Time ticked past. A board creaked somewhere.

Someone appeared at the window, crouched and vaulted up onto the sill.

A click, the spatter of boards and the crushing downfall of the barrier, crashing sharply against a human skull. A dim groan and the splatter of a body into the dust beyond the window.

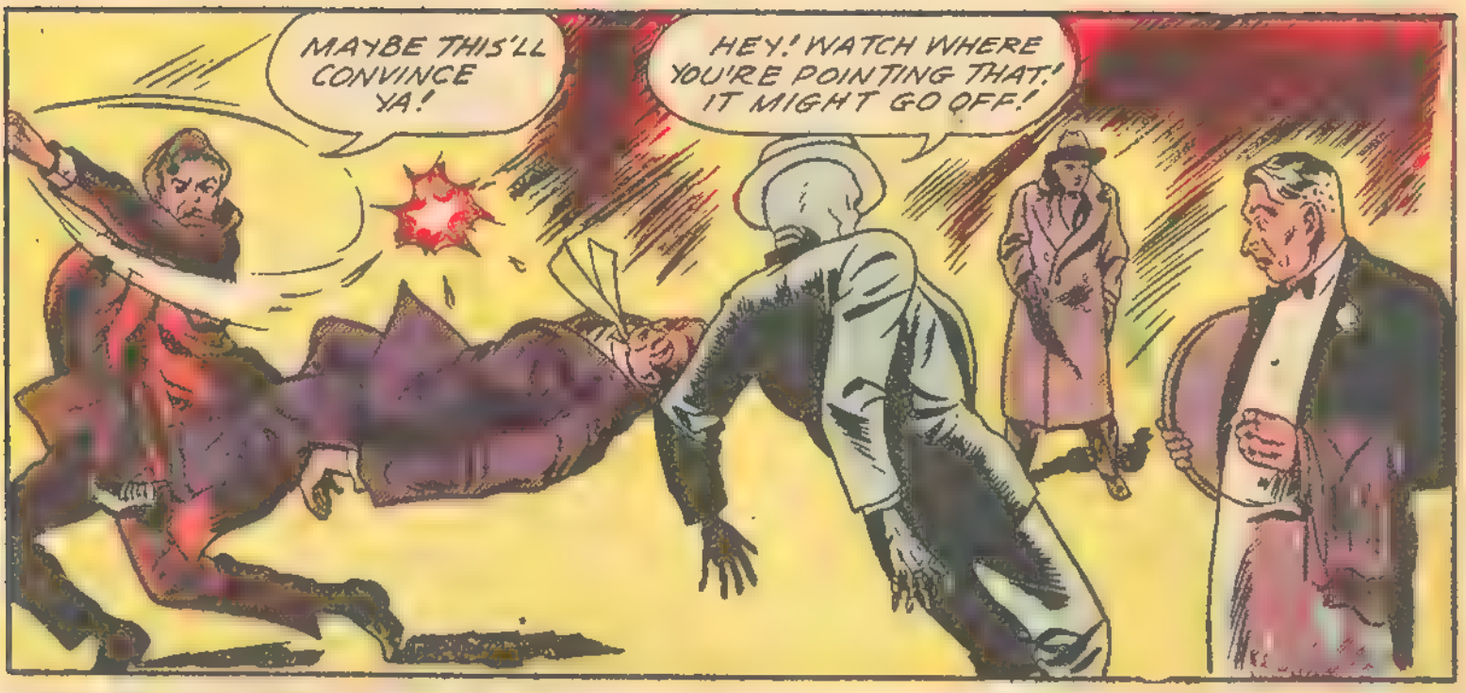
Silence. Bud Lake moved out into the alley. The fat killer lay in a crumpled, grotesque heap in the dust. A ray of moonlight slid over the roof of the adjoining building, touched a blood-spattered head . . .

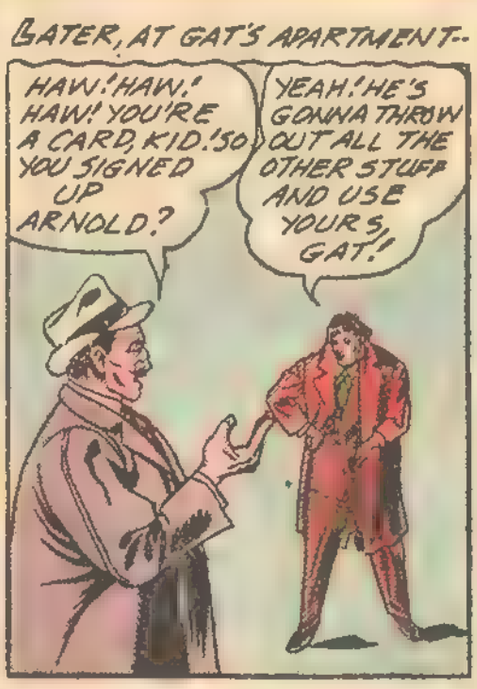
This was it, Bud Lake realized numbly. This was it. The killer who had murdered Pete Reynolds and grabbed his dust, and had left Bud Lake to face the music; the killer who had been crafty enough to time his crime so as to throw suspicion from himself to someone else. Crafty enough for that, but not crafty enough to save himself from being trapped here in the dim ruin of the old mining town.

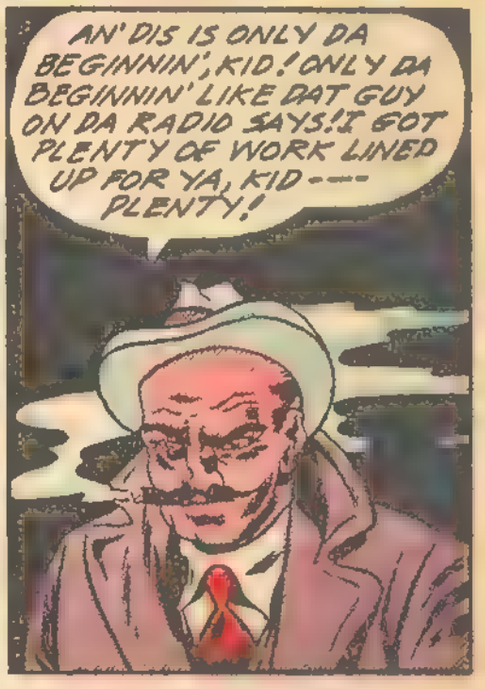
THE
WAGES OF CRIME IS....
DEATH!
JUST THE SPOT FOR MY NEXT CUSTOMER!
DEATH IS ALWAYS WITH US! HERE IS A STORY ABOUT A YOUNG MAN WHOM DEATH CHOSE AS HIS CONSTANT COMPANION. A YOUNG MAN WHOSE FEET WALKED THE PATH OF CRIME UNTIL HE REACHED THE INEVITABLE END OF THAT TRAIL.... THE GRAVE!
IT IS 1924 WHEN THE BEER BARONS RULED THE ROOST AND GANGLAND'S GUNS KEPT THE GRIM REAPER VERY BUSY-----
HO-HUM! THINGS ARE GETTING DULL SINCE THE LAST GANG FIGHT! WELL, I THINK I'LL SCOUT AROUND AND FIND ME A "CUSTOMER" FOR THIS DESIRABLE SPOT! MAYBE SOME YOUNG GUY I CAN HELP ALONG THE ROAD!
AT A SMALL FIGHT CLUB WHERE PUGS HAMMERED EACH OTHER FOR THE ENTERTAINMENT OF BORED FANS-----
AH--I CAN'T UNDERSTAND YOU, "GAT," "COMIN' DOWN TO A JERNT LIKE DIS! DESE PUNKS CAN'T EVEN FIGHT!
LOOK, WILLY, AS LONG AS YOU'RE ON MY PAYROLL YOU'LL DO LIKE I SAY, SEE?
CHEE, DAT'S "GAT" CARSON-- DA BIGGEST RACKETEER ON DA NORTH SIDE!
YEAH! I RECOGNIZE 'IM FROM HIS PITCHERS!

UNSEEN BY ANYONE, ANOTHER DISTINGUISHED VISITOR WATCHES THE BOUTS---
THAT YOUNGSTER, MACK HARRIS, THERE, IN THE PURPLE TRUNKS--HE'S A LIKELY LOOKING LAD--I THINK HE'LL BE MY CUSTOMER!
I LIKE DA KID IN THE PURPLE TRUNKS. WHAT'S HIS NAME, WILLY?
HARRIS, BOSS, MACK HARRIS!
8-9-10--OUT! THE WINNAH! MACK HARRIS!
I'M GOIN' BACK TO DA DRESSING ROOMS! I THINK WE CAN USE THE HARRIS KID!
OKAY, BOSS!
I KNOW I CAN USE HIM!
INSIDE THE DRESSING ROOM----
NICE FIGHT, HARRIS! DO YOU KNOW WHO I AM?
YEAH! SURE, YOU'RE "GAT" CARSON! WHAT DO YA WANT FROM ME?
MAYBE I CAN HELP YA, KID! YOU'RE A TOUGH FIGHTER! NO SENSE OF YOU GETTIN' YOUR BRAINS BEAT OUT FOR PEANUTS! I CAN USE A GUY LIKE YOU--HOW ABOUT IT?
GO ON, HARRIS--DON'T BE A FOOL! THIS IS YOUR BIG CHANCE! SUPPOSE YOU GO ON FIGHTING UNTIL YOU'RE PUNCHY? THEN WHAT? GO ON--TAKE THE JOB!
YEAH--YEAH--OKAY, MR. CARSON--WHERE DO I SEE YA?
YOU BE AT DA PENTHOUSE ON 329 LAKE DRIVE TOMORRA NIGHT AT 8:30--I'LL BE SEEIN' YA!
ME TOO! YOU'RE MY BOY FROM NOW ON! YES--SIR--THE RISE AND FALL OF MACK HARRIS--FROM THE BOXING RING TO THE GRAVE IN SIX EASY LESSONS!
2

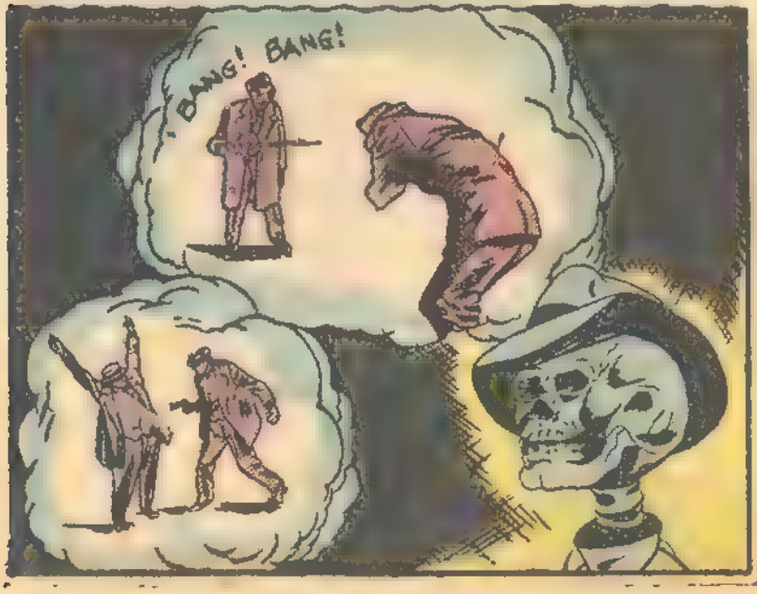
THE NEXT NIGHT---
UH--GAT ASKED ME TO COME UP--
OH, YEAH--YOU MUST BE DA NEW GUY--YEAH, SURE--COME ON IN! GAT'S EXPECTIN' YA!
HELLO, MACK--GANG--THIS IS MACK HARRIS--A SCRAPPY FIGHTER--VERY HANDY WITH HIS DUKES--AND HE'S GOIN' TO BE ONE OF US!
HI, MACK!
HELLO!
LATER--
JUST WHAT IS IT YA WANT ME TO DO, GAT?
WELL, KID--YA SEE--DERE'S A FEW MUGS AROUND TOWN WHO DON'T WANT TO HANDLE OUR PRODUCTS! A COUPL'A SPEAKEASIES! SOME NIGHT SPOTS! SO I FIGURE THAT A GUY LIKE YOU WHO'S SO HANDY WIT' HIS DUKES COULD--WELL--CONVINCE THEM TO DO BUSINESS WIT' ME--CATCH?
SOON, MACK HARRIS, FORMER PUG, GETS TO WORK ON HIS NEW JOB-----
GENTLEMEN, YOUR PLEASURE?
WE WANT TO SEE AROUND--AND MAKE IT SNAPPY!
YEAH! MAKE IT SNAPPY! HOW'M I DOIN' AS A TOUGH GUY--NOT BAD--YOU TELL 'EM, HARRIS--BUT MAKE IT FAST BECAUSE YOUR TIME IS RUNNING OUT!
WE'RE FROM CARSON! HE WANTS TO KNOW WHY YA DON'T BUY OUR GOODS! HE FIGURES MAYBE AFTER WE TALK TO YA--MAYBE YOU'LL CO-OPERATE!
LISTEN, YOU PUNKS--I WOULDN'T HANDLE THAT POISON CARSON SELLS! YOU DON'T SCARE ME AT ALL!
OH--THEN I'LL HAVE TO USE OUR NEW SALES PROMOTION PLAN ON YA!



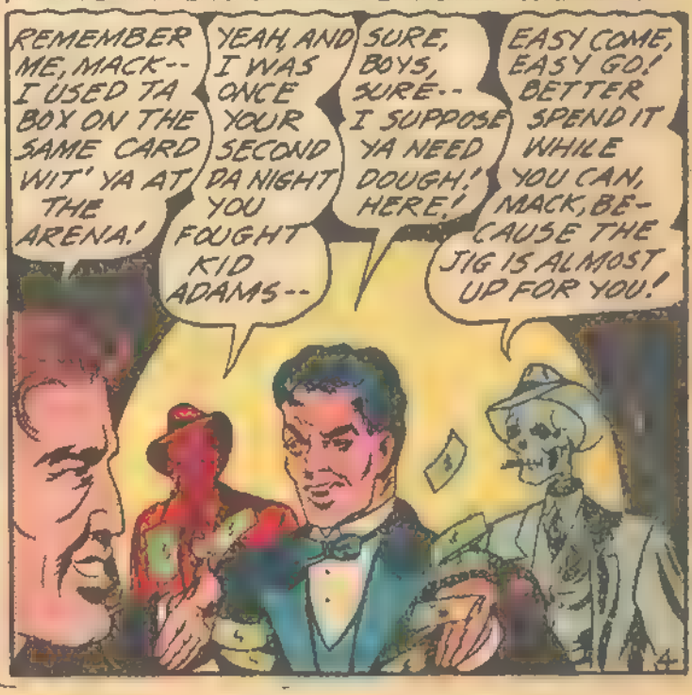

LATER, AT GAT'S APARTMENT--
HAW! HAW! HAW! YOU'RE A CARD, KID! SO YOU SIGNED UP ARNOLD?
YEAH! HE'S GONNA THROW OUT ALL THE OTHER STUFF AND USE YOURS, GAT!



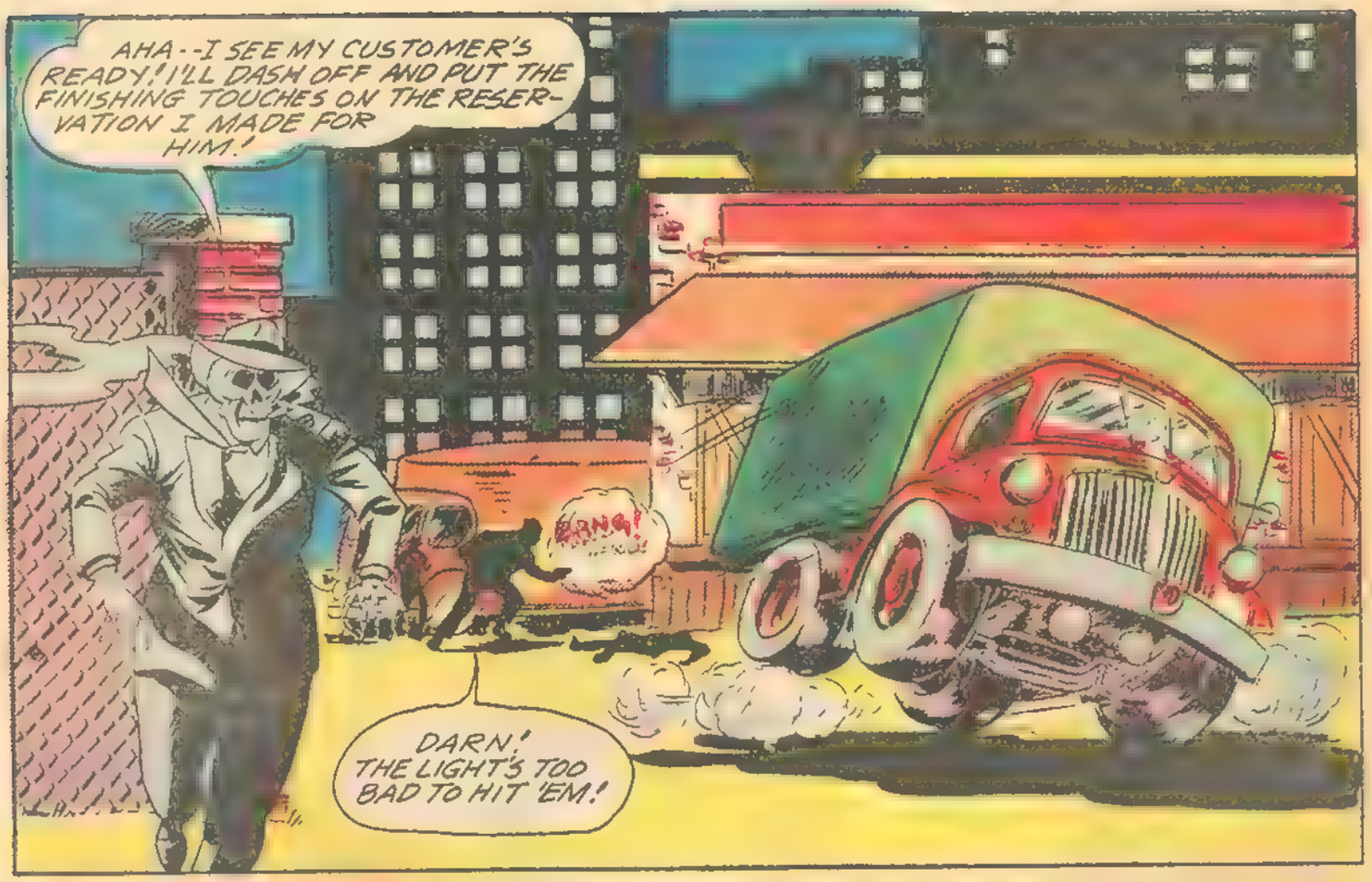
YES, IT IS ONLY THE BEGINNING FOR MACK HARRIS. HE RISES RAPIDLY IN THE RANKS OF ORGANIZED CRIME--AND ALWAYS AT HIS SIDE IS THE IMPLACABLE FIGURE OF HIS MENTOR--DEATH!

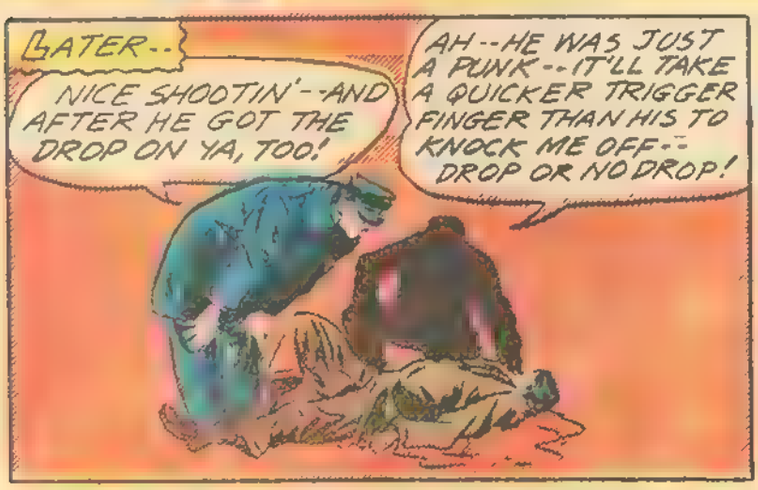


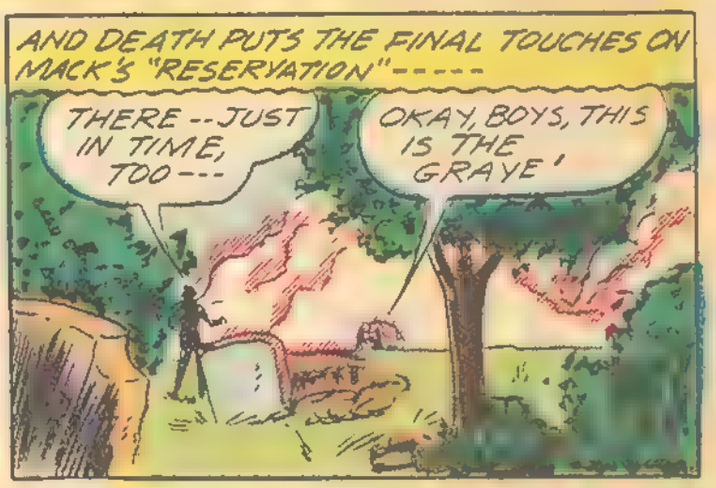
MACK'S NAME AND FAME SPREADS RAPIDLY--

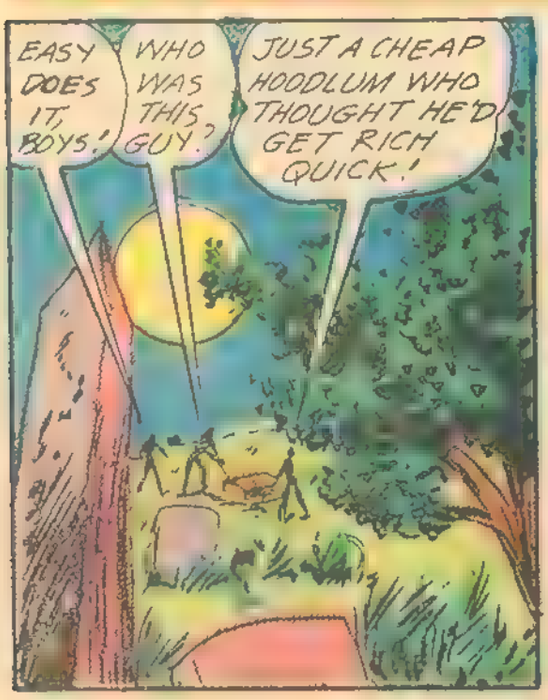

REMEMBER ME, MACK--I USED TA BOX ON THE SAME CARD WIT' YA AT THE ARENA!
YEAH, AND I WAS ONCE YOUR SECOND DA NIGHT YOU FOUGHT KID ADAMS--
SURE, BOYS, SURE--I SUPPOSE YA NEED DOUGH! HERE!
EASY COME, EASY GO! BETTER SPEND IT WHILE YOU CAN, MACK, BECAUSE THE JIG IS ALMOST UP FOR YOU!

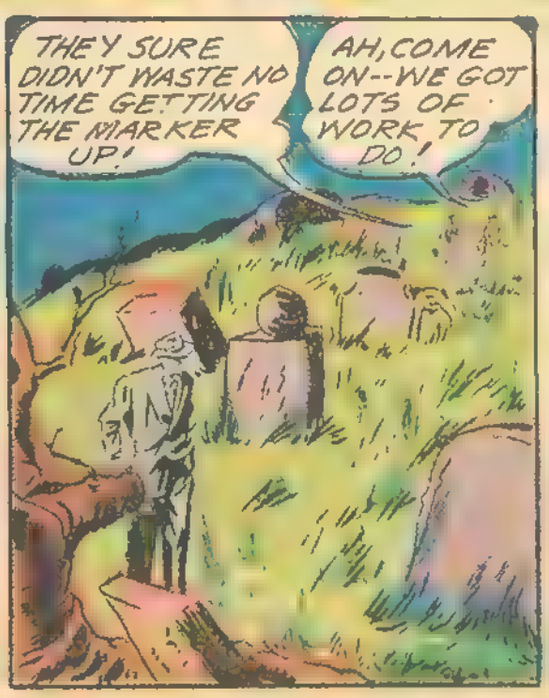
DEATH IS QUITE BUSY MAKING CERTAIN PREPARATIONS---
HMMM--NOT BAD--BUT I'VE HAD PLENTY OF PRACTICE! NOW TO GET BACK TO MY BOY! I'M SURE HE'LL BE SATISFIED WITH THIS JOB! THE ONLY TROUBLE IS THAT HE WON'T BE ABLE TO SEE IT. WHEN HE GETS HERE!
MACK HARR
MEANWHILE, GAT IS PLANNING A REALLY BIG JOB----
EVERYTHING'S ALL SET FOR THE WAREHOUSE DEAL! YOU BOYS GET THERE AT 10--RUSH THE JOINT--GRAB THE SILK AND TAKE OFF! I'LL HAVE A TRUCK WAITING TO PICK IT UP! OKAY?
AND IF THE WATCHMAN GETS TOUGH--
WE'LL LET HIM HAVE IT! RIGHT BETWEEN THE EYES! MY TRIGGER FINGER IS ITCHIN'!
THE WAREHOUSE----
OKAY--THERE'S THE WATCHMAN! LET ME TAKE HIM!
SURE!
ALL RIGHT, PUNK--REACH!
WHAT?
YOU PUNK--
I'LL DRILL YA!
MAYBE I'LL DO SOME DRILLIN' OF MY OWN--YOU DIRTY CROOK!
BANG!
BANG
UGH!


AHA--I SEE MY CUSTOMER'S READY! I'LL DASH OFF AND PUT THE FINISHING TOUCHES ON THE RESERVATION I MADE FOR HIM!
BRNG!
DARN! THE LIGHT'S TOO BAD TO HIT 'EM!


LATER--
NICE SHOOTIN'--AND AFTER HE GOT THE DROP ON YA, TOO!
AH--HE WAS JUST A PUNK--IT'LL TAKE A QUICKER TRIGGER FINGER THAN HIS TO KNOCK ME OFF--DROP OR NO DROP!


AND DEATH PUTS THE FINAL TOUCHES ON MACK'S "RESERVATION"-----
THERE--JUST IN TIME, TOO---
OKAY, BOYS, THIS IS THE GRAVE!


EASY DOES IT, BOYS!
WHO WAS THIS GUY?
JUST A CHEAP HOODLUM WHO THOUGHT HE'D GET RICH QUICK!


THEY SURE DIDN'T WASTE NO TIME GETTING THE MARKER UP!
AH, COME ON--WE GOT LOTS OF WORK TO DO!

AND REMEMBER--CRIME IS AN INVITATION TO THE GRAVE!!

STEPPING STONES TO
TERROR
THERE THEY ARE, FRANKIE, RIGHT WHERE YOUR PALS SAID THEY'D BE!
EDDIE WOULD NEVER LET ME DOWN! NOW TO BLAST OUR WAY TO THE BRIGHT LIGHTS!
"THE ROAD TO HELL IS PAVED WITH GOOD INTENTIONS"..SO GOES THE FAMILIAR EXPRESSION. IT MIGHT ALSO BE SAID THAT THE ROAD OF CRIME IS PAVED WITH TERROR...TERROR FOR THE VICTIMS, BUT EVEN MORE FOR THE CRIMINAL WHO ALWAYS MUST WALK IN THE SHADOWS OF FEAR.
JOD EVERS

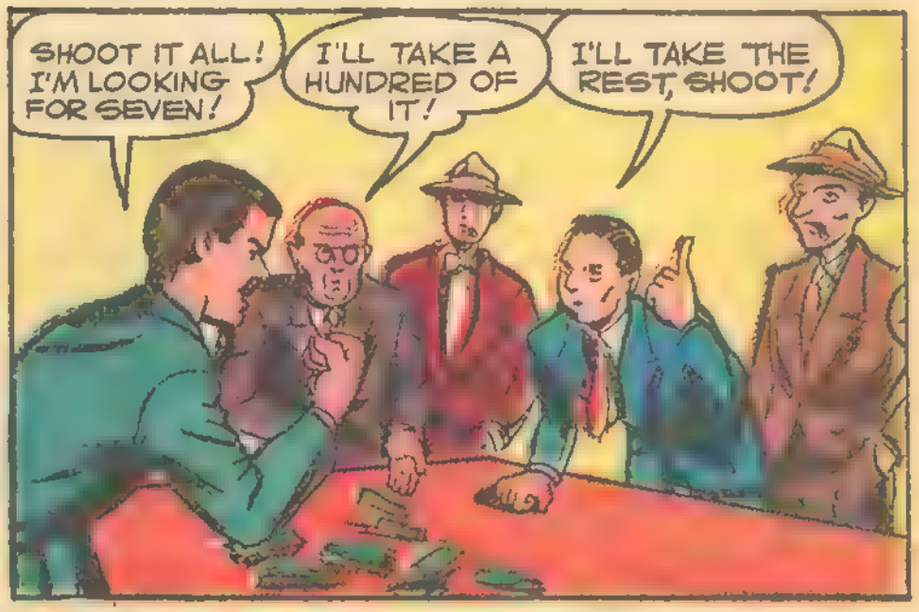
NINE MORE DAYS TO GO! THEN I'M LEAVING THIS PRISON... LEAVING IT FOR GOOD!

WOULD YOU LIKE TO HEAR MY STORY.. OKAY, IT ALL BEGAN NINE YEARS AGO! I WAS NINETEEN YEARS OLD!..
JOHNNY, CAN WE GO DANCING AGAIN TOMORROW NIGHT?
GOSH, SALLY, I'M BROKE! I DON'T MAKE TOO MUCH MONEY!

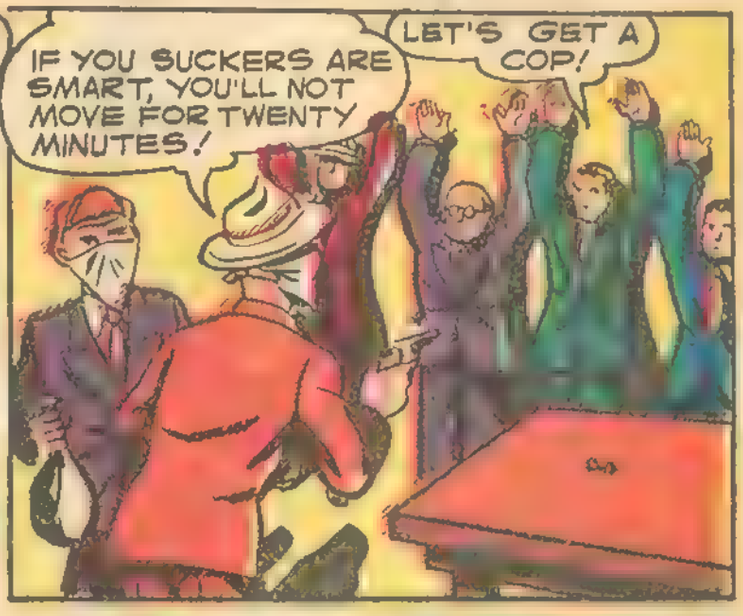
WHEN I TOOK HER HOME SHE WAS AS COLD AS THE NORTHPOLE IN JANUARY....
MAYBE TOMORROW NIGHT WE CAN TAKE A WALK! WE CAN GO TO THE PARK!
YOU TAKE THE WALK, CHEAPSKATE. I'M FINDING A GUY WHO CAN TREAT ME RIGHT! GOOD NIGHT!

I WAS PRETTY BROKEN UP ABOUT SALLY! I HAD TO FIND A WAY TO GET MONEY! THE TIME I WAS PAID I DROPPED IN ON A NEIGHBORHOOD DICE GAME!..

THERE WAS A LOT OF MONEY IN THAT GAME AND FOR ME THE DICE WERE RED HOT.....



IN LESS THAN A MINUTE, MY DREAMS OF RICHES WERE SMASHED!...



THE NEXT EVENING I APPROACHED A MAN IN OUR NEIGHBORHOOD WHO HAD DONE TIME UP HERE! HE WAS INTERESTED!
AND A COUPLE OF DAYS LATER WE PUT MY PROGRAM INTO ACTION!
PUT'EM UP EVERYBODY! WE WIN EVERYTHING!
AND NOBODY MOVE! THESE RODS AIN'T PEA SHOOTERS!
THAT WAS OUR FIRST ONE AND A GOOD HAUL!
OVER SIX-HUNDRED BUCKAROOS! KID, WE'RE IN BUSINESS!
AND THERE MUST BE TEN GAMES RUNNING EVERY NIGHT THAT WE CAN KNOCK OFF!
SO IN THE MONTHS THAT FOLLOWED WE RAIDED GAME AFTER GAME!
SALLY LIKED MY NEW PROSPERITY!
THAT NEW JOB OF YOURS MUST SURE BE SWELL, JOHNNY! I'M SO HAPPY FOR YOU!
FROM NOW ON, BABY, WE WRITE OUR OWN TICKET!
THEN SUDDENLY....
DA. WAGES WAR ON GAMBLING
WE WERE OUT OF BUSINESS BUT I WAS DETERMINED NOT TO GIVE UP MY NEW LIFE!...
WHAT LOUSY LUCK! NOT A GAME IN TOWN!
DICE GAMES AREN'T THE ONLY PLACES WITH MONEY... IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN!
3

I COULDN'T GIVE SALLY UP! I WAS DESPERATE! I DIDN'T OFFER MUCH PROTEST TO FRANKIE'S SUGGESTION!

THIS IS A SET-UP AND GOOD FOR TEN GRAND! THAT'S FOLDING MONEY!

IF YOU'RE SURE, I'LL TAKE A CHANCE ON IT!

THE JOB WAS TO BE A GASOLINE COMPANY BULK PLANT!

I HOPE NOTHING GOES WRONG!

NOTHING WILL! THEY HAVE ORDERS NOT TO RESIST HOLD-UP MEN.. THEY'RE INSURED!

OFFICE

WHAT WE DIDN'T KNOW WAS THAT THE MANAGER HAD BEEN GIVING ORDERS OVER THE INTER OFFICE COMMUNICATION TO THE WARE-HOUSE!..

GET 'EM UP AN' NOBODY'LL GET HURT!

..AN BE QUICK ABOUT IT!

WAREHOUSE

NOTIFY THE POLICE, OPERATOR. ...THERE'S A HOLD-UP GOING ON HERE!

WE WANT EVERY PENNY OF IT!

YOU'LL GET IT... DON'T POINT THAT GUN AT ME!

AS WE WALKED OUT A FEW MINUTES LATER A DOZEN GUNS WERE POINTED AT US!

DROP THOSE GUNS, PUNKS!

DROP 'EM OR WE SHOOT!!

DON'T.. DON'T.. SHOOT!

OFFICE

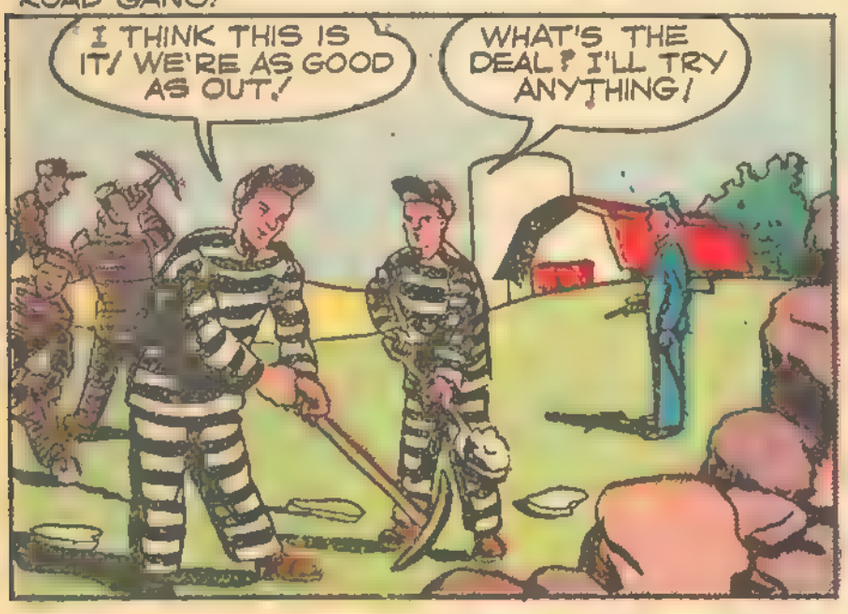
WE HAD A QUICK TRIAL AND I WAS SENTENCED TO TEN YEARS! FRANKIE DREW TWENTY-FIVE, BECAUSE OF HIS RECORD!.

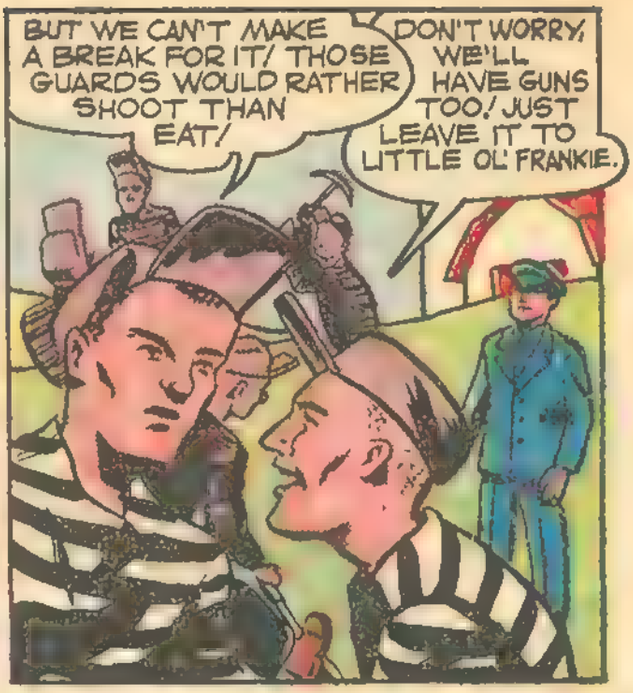
WE GOTTA FIND A WAY... WE JUST GOTTA!

WE WILL KID, I'VE GOT A LINE TO THE OUTSIDE WORKING NOW!

WE WERE TRAPPED.. ALL WE COULD THINK OF WAS ESCAPE!

BUT SEVERAL YEARS PASSED BEFORE WE HAD OUR CHANCE! WE HAD BOTH BEEN ASSIGNED TO THE ROAD GANG!

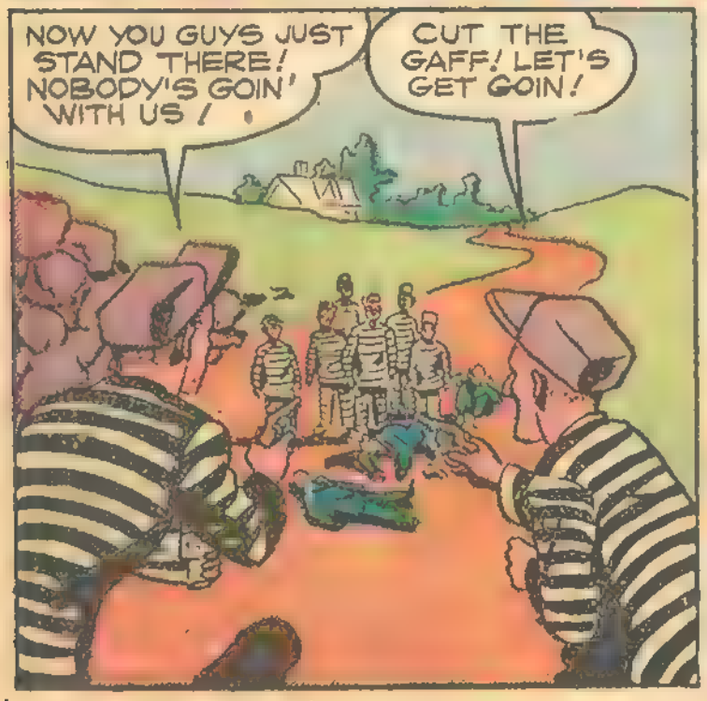



BUT WE CAN'T MAKE A BREAK FOR IT! THOSE GUARDS WOULD RATHER SHOOT THAN EAT!
DON'T WORRY, WE'LL HAVE GUNS TOO! JUST LEAVE IT TO LITTLE OL' FRANKIE.

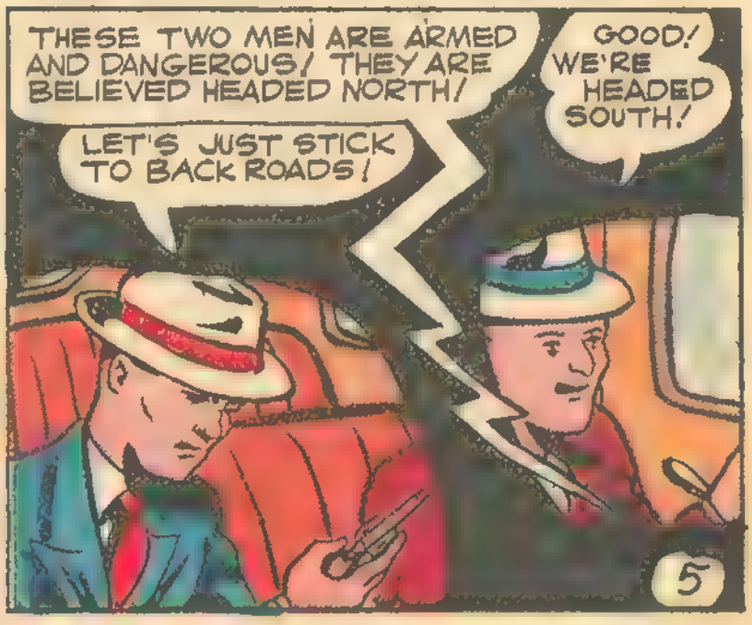
FRANKIE CONTACTED THE OUTSIDE AGAIN! THEN ONE DAY...

THERE THEY ARE... AND THERE'LL BE A CAR AND CLOTHES RIGHT UP THE ROAD!
LET'S GO! BRIGHT LIGHTS HERE WE COME!
COME ON, CANARY! GET TO WORK!
DROP THAT GUN, COPPER OR I'LL BLOW DAYLIGHT THROUGH YOU!

FRANKIE HAD HANDLED THE OTHER GUARDS!



IT WAS AN HOUR BEFORE WE PICKED UP THE FIRST RADIO REPORT OF THE ESCAPE!

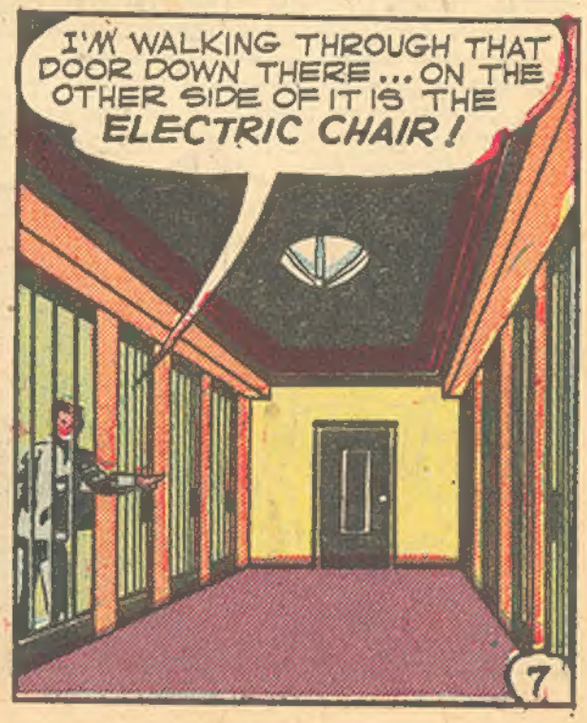

THESE TWO MEN ARE ARMED AND DANGEROUS! THEY ARE BELIEVED HEADED NORTH!
GOOD! WE'RE HEADED SOUTH!
LET'S JUST STICK TO BACK ROADS!

WE HID OUT IN A TOURIST CAMP EDDIE HAD ARRANGED FOR US! I CALLED SALLY... I JUST HAD TO TALK TO HER...
I KNEW YOU'D WAIT, BABY... I CAN'T TELL YOU WHERE I AM.. I'M A HUNDRED MILES AWAY, THAT'S FOR SURE! AS SOON AS THE HEAT IS OFF I'LL GET IN TOUCH AGAIN!
OH JOHNNY I'M SO GLAD TO HEAR FROM YOU... OF COURSE I'VE WAITED I'D WAIT A LIFE-TIME FOR YOU!
I FELT PRETTY GOOD ABOUT SALLY... BUT I WASN'T SO HAPPY TO MEET EDDIE!
I'VE GOT A NEAT HEIST PLANNED FOR YOU BOYS, YOU CAN REPAY ME FOR HELPING YOU... ALL AT ONE TIME!
NO DICE! WE'RE AS HOT AS FIRECRACKERS! THERE'S A BIG REWARD OUT FOR US!!
LISTEN, YOU PUNKS! I GOT YOU OUT AN' I CAN PUT YOU BACK.. YOU'LL PLAY MY GAME FOR A WHILE!
SUDDENLY I SAW RED...
WHY YOU..!!
CUT IT JOHNNY, ARE YOU CRAZY!
CRASH!!
HE'S DEAD.. YOU FINISHED HIM... NOW WE ARE IN TROUBLE!
I DIDN'T MEAN TO HIT HIM SO HARD... WHAT'LL WE DO?
WE TORE UP PART OF THE FLOOR OF THE CABIN AND BEGAN TO DIG A SHALLOW GRAVE..
WHEN WE GET THIS COVERED UP WE GOTTA GET OUT OF HERE!
WE'LL TELL THE OWNER WE'RE MEETING EDDIE IN TOWN!
AT THAT SECOND OUR HEARTS JUMPED INTO OUR MOUTHS!
COME OUT OF THERE WITH YOUR HAND UP! THE CABIN IS SURROUNDED!
COPS!!
6

A SHAFT OF TERROR STABBED INTO MY HEART!!..

THE NEXT INSTANT A DOZEN GUNS ROARED AT ONCE! THEN WE CAUGHT THE BURNING SMELL OF TEAR GAS!

THERE WAS NOTHING TO DO BUT SURRENDER!...



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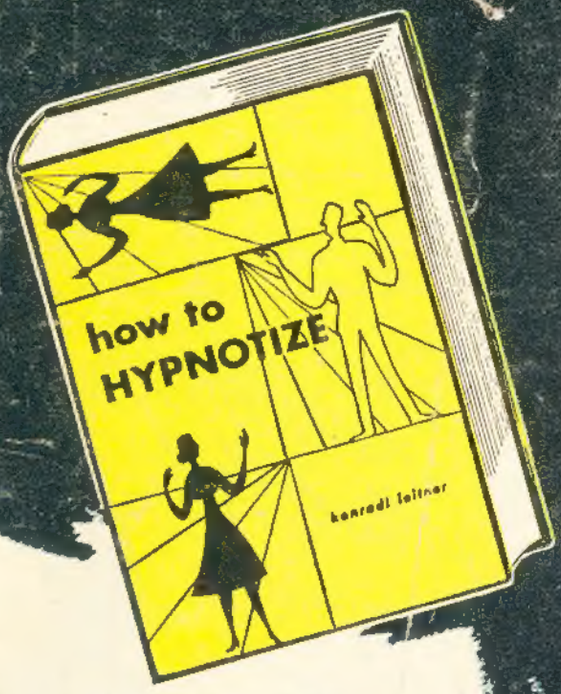

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